

“On Christmas-day, of course, we had a special dinner. After dinner coffee and curaçoa made here on board, and Nordahl then came forward with Russian cigarettes. At night a bowl of cloudberry punch was served out, which did not seem by any means unwelcome. Mogstad played the violin, and Pettersen was electrified thereby to such a degree that he sang and danced to us. He really exhibits considerable talent as a comedian, and has a decided bent towards the ballet. It is astonishing what versatility he displays: engineer, blacksmith, tinsmith, cook, master of ceremonies, comedian, dancer, and, last of all, he has come out in the capacity of a first-class barber and hair-dresser. There was a grand ‘ball’ at night; Mogstad had to play till the perspiration poured from him; Hansen and I had to figure as ladies. Pettersen was indefatigable. He faithfully and solemnly vowed that if he has a pair of boots to his feet when he gets home he will dance as long as the soles hold together.

“Day after day, as we progressed with a rattling wind, first from S.E. and later on E.S.E. and E., we felt more anxious to know how far we had got; but there had always been a snow-storm or a cloudy sky, so that we could not make any observations. We were all confident that we must have got a long way up north, but how far beyond the 83d degree no one could tell. Suddenly Hansen was called on deck this afternoon by the news that the stars were visible overhead.